THE

LADY's

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

OCTOBER, 1807.

VISCOUNTESS CASTLEREAGH.

THE lovely original of the portrait which we now present to our readers, is with justice considered as one of the most beautiful and elegant females whom our island boasts. She is the youngest daughter of the Right Hon. John Hobart, late Earl of Buckinghamshire, the second who bore that title. On the 9th June, 1794, she married the Right Hon. Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh, eldest son of the Earl of Londonderry, and one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, a young nobleman of consummate abilities and acknowledged merit.

To the advantages of high birth, Lady Castlereagh has added those polite accomplishments which reflect lustre on the most distinguished beauty, and give a more solid ground for admiration than merely the "tincture of the skin," or a set of symmetrical features. The eye must be illuminated with intelligence to preserve long its powers of fascination, and the most "rubious" lips will be disregarded, unless the words they utter are pregnant with sense, and dictated by judgment.

In the brilliant *coterie* of fashion, Lady Castlereagh has long shone; of fashion superintended by virtue, and guided by reason. We do not find her making *parties* to do honour

to a *battered prostitute;* or cringing at the table of an harlot, merely because her paramour is of royal blood. There are but too many even of those who pretend to have a regard for their character, who submit to this degradation, and disgrace their birth, and sully their reputation, by courting the company of those whom our high-souled ancestors would formerly have regarded with detestation, and expelled with ignominy. Fortunately, however, we still retain among us those whose Christian principles teach them to despise profligacy; and who are persuaded that rank cannot turn *vice* into *virtue*, nor sanction as *meritorious* a crime which the laws both of God and man have branded with infamy.

DUCHESS OF BRUNSWICK.

[Concluded from page 100.]

FOR a long series of years the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick enjoyed as much happiness as seems to be allotted to mortals: they lived but for each other, and to promote the interests of their subjects.

When towards the close of last year the ferocious and unprincipled outrages of the Corsican ASSASSIN had rouzed even the pusillanimity of the King of Prussia, the Duke of Brunswick, in the decline of life, was again called forth to share in the command of that monarch's army. The same vigour and courage that reflected such lustre on his youth, still shed their rays around the veteran; but through the ignorance or ill-timed parsimony of "all the talents," he had no Englishmen, as formerly, under his banners, and no Frederic II. to co-operate with. The dreadful result of the campaign is too well known to our readers to need recital. The Duke died, as he had lived, with unsullied honour, fighting valiantly for all that is dear to civilized Europe. "As his life was honourable, so was his death glorious."

After this melancholy event, to protect this venerable princess from the savage insult of an inhuman and brutalized enemy, a secure asylum was offered to her in England, and

a return to the bosom of her family. The Clyde frigate was dispatched to convey her over, and after a prosperous voyage, that vessel arrived in the river in the evening of July 6th, and came to an anchor off Gravesend. The guns were fired from the fort at Tilbury, and the batteries on the Kentish side of the river, and the Gravesend Volunteer Artillery fired a royal salute from their field pieces, placed on the conspicuous eminence of Windmill-Hill. Shortly after, one of the magistrates of the corporation went on board the frigate to make the due arrangements for the reception of Her Serene Highness on landing, and was received with all possible attention. It was determined that the Duchess should not land till the morning, by which time it was supposed that the Princess of Wales, to whom an express had been sent from Sheerness, might arrive.

About half past eight on the morning of the 7th, the Princess arrived from Blackheath. The mayor and corporation assembled at the town-hall, and afterwards proceeded to the landing-place, where the volunteers were drawn up. The affectionate interview between the long separated mother and daughter, may be better felt than described. At eleven o'clock the standard was struck from the frigate, and removed to the barge, in which the Princess was seated on the left of her mother. Repeated discharges of cannon on all sides took place during her approach to the shore. Captain Owen had previously rowed ashore to receive her Royal Highness. All descriptions of persons were anxious to pay their respectful homage, and vied with each other in their mode of evincing it. The Princess first landed and bowed most gracefully and courteously to the surrounding spectators. When the venerable Duchess, who was led by Captain Owen, reached the platform, the mayor and town-clerk advanced towards her, when the latter delivered the following address:

"We, his Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the mayor, jurats, and common-councillors of the corporation of Gravesend and Milton, most humbly beg leave to offer our congratulations upon your Royal Highness's safe return to the dominions of our beloved Sovereign.

"Called upon, at the sudden, to express our feelings, we

are little able to do justice to them, but they are not the less sincere.

"We entreat your Royal Highness to believe, that his Majesty has not any subjects who more fervently wish a continuance of that happiness which must, upon this occasion, be mutually felt by your Royal Highness, and the excellent Princess your daughter."

The Princess courtesied low at the concluding sentence. The Duchess was throughout very sensibly affected; but, making an effort to suppress her agitation, she replied in the following terms:

"You will easily believe, Sir, that my feelings are too great, on this occasion, to express them as I could wish: I heartily thank you all."

The impression upon the surrounding spectators was very great, and many of them were affected even to tears. The Duchess then proceeded to her carriage, where her amiable daughter was waiting to receive her, and a copy of the address being presented to her, the party set out for Montague-House, the residence of the Princess of Wales, on Blackheath.

The 10th of July was the day appointed for the first interview of the Queen and the principal part of the Royal Family, with their venerable relation, his Majesty and some of the princes having already paid her a visit. After breakfast their Majesties and the Princesses left Windsor, and arrived at Buckingham-house about twelve o'clock. The Duke and Duchess of York, and the Dukes of Kent and Cambridge came soon after. The Duchess of Brunswick and the Princess of Wales arrived from Blackheath in an open landau; and, on their arrival, the great doors of the palace were thrown open, and the Marchioness of Bath, mistress of the robes to her Majesty, and principal lady of the bedchamber, was in attendance to receive their Royal Highnesses. The Marchioness handed them from their carriage, and conducted them into their Majesties presence.

A sumptuous repast was shortly served up. About four the Duchess and Princess of Wales left the palace. The Princess first entered the carriage, conducted by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. The Duchess was at-

tended by the Duke of Kent, and the Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth, and followed by the Princesses Mary, Sophia, and Amelia. The palace yard was crowded with spectators, who gave repeated cheers, and shouted, "*Long live the Duchess of Brunswick*," "*Long live the Princess of Wales*," "*Long live the King*." Their Royal Highnesses then returned to Blackheath.

The city of London, anxious to evince its loyalty to the best of monarchs, and their affection for his family, resolved upon an address of compliment to the Duchess. On the 18th of August, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, Sheriffs, and Common Council waited upon her Royal and Serene Highness, at Montague-house, with the following compliments of congratulation, which were read by the Recorder.

"We, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London, in common council assembled, most humbly intreat your Royal and Serene Highness to accept our sincere congratulations on your safe arrival in this imperial country.

"The return to her native land of an illustrious princess, so nearly and dearly allied to our beloved Sovereign, and to the royal and amiable consort of the heir apparent to the throne of this united kingdom, cannot but renew the most lively sentiments of affection in the hearts of his Majesty's loyal subjects, and a warm participation of those feelings which a meeting so interesting to the Royal Family must have occasioned.

"Deeply impressed, Madam, as we are by the extraordinary events which have occasioned your return, we trust your Royal and Serene Highness will permit us to express the sincere joy we feel at your restoration to the shores of a free and loyal people, not more attached to a good and venerable king, by duty to his supreme and august station, than by affection to his sacred person and family."

To which her Royal and Serene Highness was pleased to return the following answer:

"My Lord—I return your Lordship and the Aldermen and Commons of the City of London, my grateful thanks for an address which has given me the most heartfelt satisfaction. It affords an additional instance of the loyal attach-

ment of the City of London to the King, and of their affectionate regard for his Majesty's Royal Family."

A house has been taken at Blackheath, near that of the Princess of Wales, ostensibly for Her Serene Highness: most of her time, however, is spent with her amiable daughter, whose pious care is anxious to anticipate the wishes, and contribute to the comfort of her venerable parent. With her the Duchess of Brunswick enjoys, and long may she continue to enjoy, that soothing calm and tranquillity which her advanced years require, and which her virtues so richly deserve.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF FEMALE FORTITUDE.

A Russian lady of high rank was travelling up the country. Her road led through a village, which had lately got an ill name for robberies and murders, and indeed was become formidable to the whole district. By some unforeseen circumstances, her arrival at this place was delayed till the night was somewhat advanced; and, as the post-boors absolutely refused to drive her any further, she was obliged to put up at a cottage. A conversation between them and some people of the village, which, by favour of the darkness, she happened to overhear, justly filled her with serious alarm. On entering the cottage, she perceived several fellows, according to the custom of the country, lying on the stove. An old woman, whose physiognomy was not exactly adapted to inspire confidence, accosted her with the question, why she had hesitated to pass the night in that village, whether it was because she suspected, that she might not be safe in her house? and swore, at the same time, that there was not a man in it. The traveller, from long experience, being well acquainted with the character of the nation, took care not to confute this lie; on the contrary, she displayed the most perfect confidence, sat down with the utmost composure to take some refreshment, brought out a bottle of brandy from her case in the sledge, called down the fellows that were lying on the stove, and divided its contents among them. This behaviour, the bottle of brandy,

and the friendly looks of the donor, had their due effect: the slumbering, but not stifled sentiment of humanity awoke; and the good-natured, careless, and joyful humour, which is so peculiar to the common Russians, soon broke out in noisy songs. The traveller, seeing that she had attained her aim, laid herself down to sleep in an adjacent room, in all appearance without any distrust, forbad her servants to bring the baggage and arms, into the house, and even put out the light. At break of day, she found a Russian breakfast prepared, and her carriage ready for her farther progress. Her departure from this band of robbers, was a moral caricature of a most singular nature. With the confession of their criminal way of life, she at the same time received from these people the assurance, that she and all the passengers that should make use of her name, should be well received, and lodged in safety; a promise which was accompanied with the rude but undisguised testimony of a hearty affection.

EXTRAORDINARY COURAGE OF A YOUNG WOMAN OF ZANTE, PRODUCED BY SUPERSTITION.

(From Scrofani's Voyage en Gréce.)

WITHOUT doubt, my dear A—, you are persuaded that women of the tenderest sensibility are always the most superstitious. In admiring Sappho, who precipitated herself into the sea, and Clelia, who swam across the Tyber, you imagine that we can never again meet with women of this character. Well! learn what a young girl of Zante has performed; who, if she had lived among the Greeks or Romans of past times, would have been capable of yet greater things. *Helen Mattaranga*, aged twenty years, lately witnessed the decease of a young man of her village, whom she had loved. She was to have married him; but her parents, from interested motives, had compelled her to marry another. The night after his interment, Helen saw the phantom of her lover, standing in silence at the foot of her bed. It appeared to her on the second and third nights

immediately following. She at first imagined, that her lover's soul was in purgatory, and that it came to demand relief of her; in consequence of which she caused two masses to be said, distributed bread and money to the poor, and sent an offering of a fine fat sheep to the convent of *Panagia*. The spectre continued not the less its regular appearance; on the contrary, it afterwards appeared as she began to sleep. How then was she to be delivered? Superstition furnished the means, and here they are:

One night, when her husband is at a neighbouring village, she rises, takes with her a hammer and nails, goes barefooted to the burying-ground, takes the body of her lover out of the earth; and, notwithstanding the fetid odour, and the corruption which it exhales, she embraces it repeatedly, bathes it with her tears, and then drives four large nails through the feet and hands. Having thus fastened it to the earth, she returns home, passes the remainder of the night in tranquillity, and from that time the spectre discontinues its visits. What an unheard of mixture of courage, superstition, and love! Picture to yourself this young girl, in the middle of the night, terrified at the sight of the phantom; behold her leaving her home, approaching the tomb of her lover, feeling round it, recognizing his body, uncovering it, suffering the almost insupportable odour, embracing it!—outraging it!—What agitated feelings! what chilling perspirations! How much the fear of being surprised must perturb her soul, and freeze her senses!—Yet this woman, whose sensibility, in ancient times, would have been celebrated on the theatres of Greece, was on the point of being punished with the utmost severity. Helen confided her secret to a friend, and this friend to the relations of the deceased, who failed not to make their remonstrances: and, according to an ancient law, to demand the death of her who had dared to outrage a dead body. The overseer, Bembo, proved an advocate and protector to this young girl, and suppressed the affair. Without doubt he was worthy of commanding, for he knew the value of sensibility.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. CIX.

THOU WORTHY MENTOR OF THY SEX,

THY correspondent, JEREMIAH OLD ACRE*, has pointed out a reigning vice, and the evil consequences that attend it; I mean the prevailing taste for dissipation, which is likely to overwhelm all ranks, and to level all distinctions, if it be not speedily checked by some national calamity, for nothing else, I am convinced, can alter the foolish modes of this heedless generation. In the days when thou and I were young, drinking mineral waters, and frequenting sea-bathing stations, were wholly, or almost so, confined to the infirm or the diseased, but now no one stays at home who can collect money enough for a trip to some fashionable place: yea, the comforts of nine months are frequently sacrificed to the fantastic enjoyments of the other three; and thus the greatest part of the lives of many people are rendered miserable to gratify a frivolous taste for shew and gaiety during a summer sojourn at one of those haunts of fashion, which thou and thy friends so justly stigmatize as the nurseries of intrigue, and the passports to ruin.

It may be thought I am sore on this subject; and I will confess to thee, that I have great reason to be so, as thou wilt be ready to allow, when I tell thee my sad story.

It pleased God to bless me with a prudent and industrious wife, who brought me two girls; and I was what might be called a prosperous and a happy man, till my spouse becoming paralytic, we were advised, after the doctors in our neighbourhood found they could do her no good, or thought they had got enough out of us, to visit that sinful place Bath, in hopes that the waters there might contribute to her cure. My duty, as well as my inclination, led me to accompany the dear woman in affliction, and as our daughters were grown to the ages of nineteen and twenty, and had been virtuously brought up, I could not imagine, with the principles that had been instilled into them, that any danger was to be apprehended in carrying them along with us as a solace to their mother.

* See No. 107.

Well, we took decent lodgings, and confined ourselves, as I thought, to the immediate object of our journey, feeing a physician, and employing an apothecary, who, it seems, are absolutely necessary to prevent the waters from doing mischief, though we are taught to believe, at a distance, that they possess only the sovereign power of doing good. As apparent benefit, however, was derived from their use to my dear spouse, I was inclined to prolong my stay for some weeks longer than I first intended; and in order that my daughters might have something rational to amuse them, I called myself at one of those magazines of poison, vulgarly called circulating libraries, from whence I brought home a catalogue, with a view of selecting such books for their reading as I judged most likely to inform and beautify their minds. Among others, I found that little work in which thy lucubrations appear, and though I did not approve of the whole, as thou mayest naturally imagine, I thought it not ill-suited to put into the hands of my girls, and an acquaintance thus commenced with thee, has been kept up ever since. Would to God we had not fallen under worse influence; but guarded as I was in my choice of books, I soon discovered that our servant, who was a giddy girl, not of our persuasion, had got hold of some novels from the same store-house; and as youth are too prone to evil, it appears that my Sarah and Sukey first ventured to dip in them, and then devoured them with avidity, for a long time unknown to me.

In taking our walks of exercise, for I kept aloof from the dissipations of the place, my ears were often wounded by hearing the young sparks whispering, sufficiently loud to be noticed, "there go the pretty quakers," while others would observe, "what a pity it is these blooming damsels are mewed up with broad brim and his lame Deborah." I must do my girls the justice to say, that their faces were suffused with blushes, when the young men of the world stared at them, or made any observations as they passed, and that they shewed no desire to follow the modes of the place, or to frequent the haunts which have been consecrated to the goddess of folly. At least I could not perceive any such inclination; and their only happiness, except in reading and walking, seemed to consist in the renovating health and strength of their beloved mother.

But, alas! it is dangerous to approach the verge of a precipice, or to come within the vortex of fashion. The young and inexperienced flatter themselves they are safe when danger is most imminent, and the partiality of parents frequently blinds them, when they ought to be most vigilant.

My spouse being gradually on the mending hand, and business of consequence calling me to my home, I was induced to leave her with our daughters for a short time, promising to hasten my return, in order to carry them back. So well was I satisfied with the principles of my girls, that though I cautioned them to be on their guard and to attend closely to their mother, I fondly thought my advice was unnecessary, and I parted from them with hope and confidence.

Vain are the expectations of man! I had not been parted from them three days, till that wench of a servant, whom I have already named as debauching their minds by novel reading, being allowed to attend them on a walk, she lured them into what is called the playhouse; and though they must at first have felt horror at entering such a receptacle of folly and irreverence, novelty it appears engaged their attention, and they staid as long as they imagined their absence would not give pain to their mother. Again, as I learned afterwards, they repeated this sinful practice, and one of the gay fellows who wore a cockade and the King's livery, ventured to address Sukey, who was adorned with most beauty, but alas! wanted the graces of the mind, and after paying her some extravagant compliments, begged to see her and her sister to their lodgings. He made too good use of his opportunity, as he bribed their worthless attendant, and prevailed with them to walk next day round all the public haunts of dissipation, which they had never visited before. He had even the artifice to engage one of his comrades to lend his arm to Sarah, that he might have the ear of her sister to himself. Poor lambs! they were petted only to be destroyed, had not Providence ordered that I should come in to their rescue. Forgetful of their duty to God and their fond parents, and flattered out of their reason, they had consented to take an excursion in a carriage with their affected admirers, under the pretence of leaving their mother for a walk, when I unexpectedly hastening on the wings of affection, to all I held

dear on earth, met them on the road, and rescued them from their insidious destroyers, who meditated to carry them off. The poor creatures with shame and ingenuous confusion acknowledged their error, and though the sons of Mars were unwilling to lose their prey, and loaded me with ridicule and reproach, my girls sprung to my arms, and obtained my forgiveness.

It is almost needless to tell thee that I hastened from the scene that was likely to have been productive of so much misery, and in the bosom of my family, and at home, strove to forget the trials I had undergone. The dangerous experience my girls had gained, prevented any repetition of their error; but my warning voice shall always be heard against carrying the young of either sex, who enjoy health, to places where they run imminent risque of losing both health and reputation. Thine,

HEZEKIAH SLYBOOTS.

ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED FEMALES.

DIANA DE POITIERS.

THE name of this Lady, so conspicuous in the annals of gallantry, has been celebrated by historians from the ascendency of her charms over the heart of Henry II. King of France. She had passed the zenith of her beauty, when this young prince fell in love with her; but such was her dominion over his affections, that he wore her livery, which was black and white, at the tournament wherein he was wounded. When Henry was on the point of death, the courtiers, who had long idolized her to her face, treated her with disrespect; and Catherine de Medicis sent her an order to deliver up the jewels of the crown, and to retire to one of her castles. "Is the King dead?" said she, to the person who was charged with the commission. "No, madam," he replied, "but he cannot live till night." "Well then," says she, "I have as yet no master, and I would have my enemies know, when this prince shall be no more, that I fear them not. If I am unfortunate enough to survive him for any length of time, my heart will

be too much lost in sorrow, for me to be sensible of the chagrin and anxiety which they are desirous of giving me." Although she was 66 when she died, six months before her death, says Brantome, "I saw her so handsome, that no heart of adamant could have been insensible to her charms." And what is more to her honour, adds this ingenious writer, "She was so gracious, beneficent, and charitable, that the people of France ought to pray to God that every King's favorite may be as good, and as benevolent as this." She extended her protection to men of letters, and in a particular manner to *Clement Marot*.

JOAN OF BURGUNDY, SURNAMED LA FOLLE.

It is impossible to comtemplate the affection which this princess bore to her husband, Philip Duke of Burgundy, without feeling emotions of the strongest sympathy. Upon the death of that prince, (the eldest son of Maximilian, emperor of Germany) the Queen, whose brain was somewhat disturbed before, fell into so deep a melancholy that it was with difficulty her attendants could keep her from famishing herself. During the whole time of her husband's sickness, she had never, though in a state of pregnancy, stirred from his bedside, either by day or night: and after he was buried, being told by a monk, that he had read in some legend, of a king who came to life again after he had been dead fourteen years, she immediately commanded her husband's body to be brought into her bed-chamber, where, having taken it out of the coffin and laid it in a bed of state, with its face uncovered, she kept it there as long as she lived. And when she was awake, was continually looking upon it, and watching when it would rise. So much was her jealousy of him encreased by his death, that she would never suffer any woman but herself to go near his corpse; nor any of her sex, besides her old servants and confidants, to come within the doors of the room where it lay. And when spoken to on affairs of government, she would say, "that it was scandalous for the widow of a good husband to let any thing trouble her thoughts, but the memory of her great loss."

ANTOINETTE DESHOULIERS.

THIS Lady was no less celebrated for genius than her proficiency in literature, and her favour with the great. To the most refined wit she united the strictest piety, and the utmost firmness of mind. The following singular proof she gave of her courage exhibits in strong terms the superiority of her judgment. Going into the country on a visit to one of her female friends, she was informed that nobody had, for a long time, lain in a particular apartment of the mansion, from an opinion that it was haunted every night. In this chamber Mad^lle. Deshouliers was desirous of sleeping, saying, "I long, of all things, to see an apparition, if there be any such thing, and to put an end to your fears, should they be visionary." All the entreaties of the family, and the frightful stories they uttered, could not alter her purpose. In the dead of night she had her door pushed open, upon which she called out, but the ghost, without making any answer, entered the room with a rude step, making a dull kind of noise. Soon after a table was overset, and her curtains began to move; this was followed by the fall of a stand at her bedside. The lady, not in the least daunted, stretched out her arms to feel for the spectre, which she concluded must be tangible, and secured it without any struggle by its ears. The length and shagginess of these organs somewhat disconcerted her, but she would not let go her hold, lest the creature might get from her; and that the discovery might be complete, in that troublesome attitude did she sit, composing in her mind an ode against *Fear*, till the dawn of day shewed her that what had interrupted the cheerfulness of a worthy family, was only an old harmless dog, who, not caring to be abroad at night, used to come for shelter into this room, as the door could not lock. Then tying her garter about her captive's neck, she drest herself, and led him in triumph to the family, who could not sufficiently admire her courage, whilst she made herself merry with their apprehensions.

D'ESTREES GABRIELLE, DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

OF this celebrated favorite, M. Saint Foix, in his Historical Essays upon Paris, relates the following entertaining anecdote.

"A short time after the peace of Servons, Henry IV. as he returned from hunting, in a plain dress, and attended only by two or three gentlemen, crossed the river at the Quai Malaquais, where the people still take water. Finding that the waterman did not know him, he asked him what folks said of the peace. "Upon my life," says the waterman, "I don't know what this fine peace signifies; every thing is taxed, even to this wretched boat, which I can scarce live by."—"But," continued Henry IV. "does not the king intend to regulate the taxes?"—"The king is a good sort of man enough," replied the rustic, "but he has got a mistress, who must have so many fine cloaths, and so many trinkets; and it is we that must pay for all. Be it so, if she was but true to him: but they say she has got many other lovers besides." Henry IV. who was highly diverted with this conversation, sent the next morning for the waterman, and made him repeat before the Duchess of Beaufort all that had been said the day before. The Duchess flew into a violent passion, and would have had him hanged. "You are a fool," says Henry IV. "this is a poor devil, whom wretchedness puts out of humour. I will not have him pay any more for his boat, and I am sure he will every day sing —Long life to King Henry, and long life to Gabrielle."

MAUD.

QUEEN MAUD, wife of King Henry I. of England, and daughter of Malcolm, King of Scotland, was so devoutly religious, that she would go to church barefoot, and always exercise herself in works of charity. Matthew Paris relates, that when David, her brother, came out of Scotland to visit her, he found her in her privy-chamber, with a towel about her waist, washing, wiping, and kissing the feet of some poor people by whom she was surrounded. Disgusted at such excessive zeal, he remarked, "Verily, if the king your husband knew this, you would not be suffered to kiss his lips." When she immediately replied, "whatever respects may be due to royalty, the feet of the King of heaven ought to be preferred before the lips of any monarch upon earth."

MAGDALEN DE SCUDERI.

THE name of this lady is well known in the literary world. Her talents were of the first order; although her romances are now but little read. She was called the Sappho of her age. While composing the Romance of Cyrus, the following odd adventure befel her. At an inn, where she and her brother lodged, and in which there were two beds, she was conversing with him on the process of the Romance, particularly in what manner Prince Mazara should be disposed of. After a pretty warm debate, it was agreed that he should be assassinated. Some merchants in the next room overhearing this discourse, and concluding that these strangers were contriving the death of some great prince, whom they concealed under the sham name of Mazara, gave immediate information to the governor, who caused them to be apprehended. Nor was it without considerable trouble and expense that these ingenious persons cleared themselves of the charge, and obtained their liberty. A similar anecdote is recorded of Beaumont and Fletcher.

DEBATES FOR THE LADIES.

QUERY.—Which is most disgusting to a woman of sense, a coxcomb, a sot, or an illiterate clown?

CAPTAIN RATTLE.

IT appears to me, gentlemen, that the question now before us affords very little scope for discussion. Without attempting to advance any thing from my own observation, I will content myself with repeating an axiom of the late Lord Chesterfield, "that want of elegance is a fault which women never pardon." This author, however immoral the general tendency of his works may appear, possessed infinite knowledge of the female heart; he well knew, that even the most uninformed among them admire polished manners and a pleasing exterior. Can it then be for a moment doubted,

but that a female, possessing the advantages of education and a cultivated understanding, can behold, without unconquerable disgust, that uncouth being whose awkwardness and ignorance would every instant bring a blush of mortification and shame, if especially that very being should, by the authority of parents or other contingencies, become her husband. A coxcomb may be ridiculous, but his frivolity amuses rather than disgusts; and a sot, however his irregularities may hurt the delicacy and sensibility of a female, has intervals in which he may prove a sensible and affectionate companion; but a clown is ever the same—boorish, untractable, and disgusting.

MR. PLACID.

I cannot but express my surprise that a gentleman possessing the talents of our friend Rattle, should have taken such a superficial view of a subject which, in my opinion, requires mature deliberation. We are willing to allow that there is no character so bad but which has its light shades; but in the present argument we are to consider the nature of the evil itself, and the consequences resulting therefrom, without any of the palliatives which an occasional amiable trait may afford; and as the present question is proposed merely with a view to point out to our fair friends the evil they should most cautiously shun, I shall not hesitate to say that a sot is both the most disgusting and the most dangerous character of the three. What subsequent kindness can make amends for the brutality which some men commit in the hour of intoxication? How can any woman respect the man who degrades himself below the standard of a brute?—who ruins his constitution, squanders his property, and sets an infamous example to his family? This is a vice, and vice only should be really disgusting.

MR. CAVIL.

With all due deference to the gentleman who spoke last, I must presume to say, that he seems to have misunderstood the subject of debate. It was not imagined that either of the characters specified were to be considered as husbands or fathers; in that case little indeed can be said in defence

of the latter, but regarded merely as their absurdity affects society, I cannot hesitate to pronounce a coxcomb the most despicable animal in creation. A sot may have various excuses, and even temptations to plead in mitigation of his misconduct; and the ignorance of the clown may be ascribed rather to the disadvantages of local situation than a natural defect of the understanding. But what can be said in defence of that creature whose vanity, affectation, and pride leads him into the most unpardonable absurdities?—who attends more to the growth of his whiskers than the cultivation of his intellectual faculties? and who cares not so that his head is *Brutus* without, how much it is brute within?—whose morning study is that repertorium of male elegance the "beau monde," and a treatise on blacking?—and who throws away his six shillings at the theatre, not to see or hear, but to be seen and heard?—whose conversation is embellished not with the flowers of rhetoric or graces of elocution, but with the following choice phrases:—*quiz*—*—bore—hoax—quidnunc—flim flam*, &c. &c. But I can better delineate this precious mortal by relating a dialogue which I yesterday overheard in Bond-Street. I will not say whether it was on the pavé or behind a counter, for it is pretty much the same now.

Polish.—"Ah, Skipton! how are you, my boy? Why, where the devil have you been? Egad, I am glad to see you.

Skipton.—How do, my buck? Thought you'd miss me. I've been rusticating these three weeks.

Polish.—Rusticating indeed! why the plague have you been borrowing a grazier's coat?—Quiz me, but its down to your heels.

Skipton.—Oh curse that taylor of mine! I know he has made it *two inches* too long, stupid bore! but I'll match him—I'll keep him *two months* longer without his bill for it, and then he'll remember my cut another time—he! he!

Polish.—Faith, you know how to *fit* him I see.—That fellow with the half starved wife and seven brats in Threadneedle-Street, eh!

Skipton.—The same. But, Polish, *cus* me where did you get these exquisite boots? I gave five guineas for Tom

Varnish's receipt, and I brush away at them an hour every morning, yet you eclipse me, Polish.

Polish.—Pooh! you are hoaxing me; but, egad, they do look stylish too."

So much for the sense and sensibility of a coxcomb; and despicable in my eye would be the woman who could listen without disgust to the thoughtless profligate who would lavish his money in frivolous fopperies, while he defrauds an indigent tradesman of his due, and derides that poverty which his extravagance causes. Yet this is but a true picture of the innumerable loungers who disgrace their sex and station in life. The contagion spreads from the earl to the haberdasher; and the fopling of one tribe is as unjust and extravagant as the coxcomb of the other.

MR. MEANWELL.

I hope, for the honour of humanity and the dignity of man, that the picture just drawn by our friend Cavil is rather a caricature than a portrait. I will not, therefore, let his humourous delineation have any power to silence me, or make me relinquish the opinion I at first intended to maintain. Notwithstanding what has been advanced, I am still inclined to believe that a sot is by far the most disgusting object, whether considered as a temporary companion or a partner for life; he is equally extravagant with the coxcomb, and indelicate as the boor; he is troublesome, impertinent, stupid, and brutal. He will quarrel with his best friend, insult the most modest women, and, in short, there is no vice or folly of which a drunken man is not guilty.

The majority of the members coinciding with Mr. Meanwell, the answer was given against the sot; and the following question proposed for the next debate:—

Is a woman justified in considering herself engaged to a man before he has made her a direct proposal of marriage?

LE MELANGE.

NO. XIV.

Slavery in England.

A STATUTE was made in the year 1547, enacting that a runagate servant, or any who lived idly three days, be brought before two justices of the peace, and marked V. (vagabond) with a hot iron on the breast, and adjudged the slave of him who brought him for two years; he was to take the said slave, and give him bread, water, or small drink, and refuse-meat, and cause him to work by beating, chaining, or otherwise; and if within that space he absented himself fourteen days, he was to be marked on the forehead or cheek with an S, and be his master's slave for ever: it was also lawful to put a ring of iron round his neck, arm, or leg; and the second desertion was felony.

Sonnet written on the Sea-shore.

NATURE, unrival'd architect, thy hand
Hath scatter'd thy stupendous wonders here,
Where these rude cliffs their giant summits rear,
The proud eternal guardians of our land!
As fearful on their airy brows I stand,
I mark the waves approach the firm barrier,
Then back recoil'd in regular career,
Obedient to the laws that thou hast plan'd.
Where is man's boasted power and genius fled,
Before the grandeur of this vast design?
His mightiest works hide their diminish'd head,
And shrink to atoms, when compared with thine.
How shall they lie with the forgotten dead,
While thou shalt in unrival'd splendour shine!

Date of Introduction of some of our finest Fruits.

CHERRIES were brought from Pontus to Rome by Lucullus, seventy years before Christ. Apricots from Epirus; peaches from Persia; the finest plums from Damascus and Armenia; pears and figs from Greece and Egypt; citrons from

the Medes; and Pomegranates from Carthage, about a hundred and fourteen years before Christ. Cherry-trees were first planted in Britain about fourteen years afterwards; they were after brought from Flanders, and planted in Kent with such success, that an orchard of thirty-two acres produced in one year (the year 1540) one thousand pounds. From thence the names Flemish and Kentish cherries.

Anecdote of the Power of Music.

THE following anecdote of the efficacy of music I shall transcribe exactly in the words of the author from whom I had it.

"I likewise knew a person of honour at Roan, whose name may be best known by du Parreau, who all her lifetime did never use the help of any physic, how great soever her infirmities were: but in all her hurts, diseases, childbirth, and lameness, she only desired one who could skilfully play on the tabour and pipe, instead of a physician. Being advanced in age, an extreme pain seized upon her knee, supposed to be some species of the gout; she caused her tabourer instantly to play her a pleasant and lively coranto. The tabourer striving to exceed himself in art and dexterity, in readiness of wind and agility of hand, fell down in a swoon, and so continued for three quarters of an hour: the lady then complained that her pain and affliction was never so extraordinary as in the time of the music's sudden cessation. The musician being recovered, and refreshed with a glass of brisk wine, fell afresh to his former skilful musical playing: and the lady was thereby so eased of her pain, that it utterly left her. I myself was in the chamber when this accident happened, and do avouch, upon my credit, that the gentlewoman thus lived an hundred and six years."

Simplicity.

LORD B——, about the year 1630, had occasion to light off his horse, and laid down his watch on the grass by him. It was a watch of great value—the case set with diamonds.

He left it where he laid it, entirely forgetting it, until, after having overtaken his company, one of them asked what o'clock it was. This made him feel for his watch, which he immediately remembered having left; they all rode back with him, and near the place met a countryman, and asked him whether he had seen a watch?—"What's that?" said he, having never seen one before. They told him it was a thing that clicked. "O! ho!" says he, "I'll shew it you—I have mauled it, and made it give over clicking, with my stick. You may come near it, it will not hurt you now, I warrant you." He had battered the watch to pieces, thinking it some poisonous animal in the grass.

Anecdote of Ganganelli.

WHEN Pope Clement XIV. ascended the papal chair, the ambassadors of the different states waited on him with congratulations; when they were introduced, they bowed, and he returned the compliment by bowing likewise; the master of the ceremonies told his holiness he should not have returned their salute; "O, I cry you mercy," said the good pontiff, "I have not been Pope long enough to forget good manners."

Anecdote of Voltaire.

VOLTAIRE, as he was writing his tragedy of Merope, one day called his footman at three o'clock in the morning, and gave him some verses to carry immediately to the Sieur Paulin, who played the part of the *tyrant* in that play. The servant excusing himself, under a pretence that it was the hour of sleep, "Go, I say," continued Voltaire, "tyrants never sleep."

Durham Mustard.

THERE are probably but few individuals now living acquainted with the history of the manufactory of Durham mustard. Prior to 1720, there was no such luxury as mustard in its present form at our tables. At that time the

seed was only coarsely pounded in a mortar, as coarsely separated from the integument, and in that rough state prepared for use. In the year abovementioned, it occurred to an old woman of the name of Clements, resident at Durham, to grind the seed in a mill, and to pass the meal through the several processes which are resorted to in making flour from wheat. This secret she kept for many years to herself, and during the period of her exclusive possession of it, supplied the principal parts of the kingdom, and in particular the metropolis with this article; and George the First stamped it with fashion by his approval. Mrs. Clements as regularly travelled twice a year to London, and to the principal towns throughout England for orders, as any tradesman's rider of the present day; and the old lady contrived to pick up not only a decent pittance, but what was then thought a tolerable competency. From this woman's residing at Durham, it acquired the name of Durham mustard.

Epitaph on Cardinal Richlieu, by Benserade.

Cy gist, ouy gist par la mort bleu,
Le Cardinal de Richlieu;
Et, ce qui cause mon ennuy,
Ma pension avec lui.

Here lies, egad! 'tis very true,
The illustrious Cardinal Richlieu;
My grief is genuine, void of whim,
Alas! my pension lies with him.

Singular Discovery of Magna Charta.

Sir Robert Cotton (it is said) being one day at his taylor's, discovered (what must have been the antiquary's astonishment!) that the man held in his hand ready to cut up for measures, the original Magna Charta, with all its appendages of seals and signatures. He bought this singular curiosity for a mere trifle, and thus recovered what had long been given over for lost. This anecdote is found in the Colomesiana, page 198, and Colomies long resided, and died in this country, a man of pure morals and rigid veracity. The original Magna Charta is certainly preserved in the Cottonian Library; it exhibits marks of delapidation, but

whether from the invisible hand of Time, or the humble scizzars of the taylor, is not precisely ascertained.

How to write Letters so that, if intercepted, the meaning cannot be discovered.

PLACE two sheets of paper of exact size one upon the other; cut holes through them both with great nicety, of several sizes; sometimes the size of what you think sufficiently large for two or three words, sometimes more, sometimes less. Prick holes with a pin at each corner, through both sheets, and give one sheet to your friend to whom you wish to write. When you write, lay your cut paper on a plain new sheet, and putting pins through the holes in each corner, that it may not move, write your mind in the vacancies you have made; then take off your cut paper, and fill up the intermissions with any nonsense you please. When your friend receives this letter, let him lay his cut paper over it, putting pins in the corner holes, that it may exactly fit, and then the nonsense is hidden, and he reads your letter.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

THE Prætor had sentenced to death a woman of good birth, for a capital crime, and had consigned her over to the Triumvir to be killed in prison. The jailor that received her, moved with compassion, did not strangle her, and permitted her daughter to come often to her, though first diligently searched, lest she should convey in any sustenance to her, the jailor expecting that she would die of famine. When therefore divers days had passed, wondering within himself what it might be that occasioned her to live so long, he one day set himself to observe her daughter with greater curiosity, and then discovered how, with the milk in her breasts, she allayed the famine of her mother. The news of this strange spectacle of the daughter suckling her mother, was by him carried to the Triumvir, by the Triumvir to the Prætor, from the Prætor it was brought to the judgment of the Consul, who pardoned the woman as to the sentence of death passed upon her; and, to preserve the memory of that fact, where her prison stood they caused an altar to be erected to Piety.

REMARKABLE SUICIDE.

IN a coffee-house, in a city of Livonia, a man one day made the following proposition. "I am tired of life, and if any body would be of my party, I would not hesitate to quit this world." No body answering him, he said no more; but, after some time, all the company having left the room except two persons, these came up to him, and asked him if he were really serious in the proposition which he had made?—"Yes, gentlemen," said he, in a determined tone of voice; "I never speak without due reflection, and I never retract what I have advanced." "Then we will be of your party, for we have formed the same design." "Why so, gentlemen? My actions are always determined by an adequate motive, and I am incapable of urging a man to adhere to such a resolution as this, unless his misfortunes be such as to render life insupportable to him."

"We are loaded with debts without the means of discharging them. We are unable to live any longer with honour, and we are incapable of having recourse to base and dishonourable means. Those whose hopes will be disappointed by our death, have already received much more than they were legally entitled to."

"I had one day," said one of them, "the good luck to break a considerable bank at Spa. I was immediately surrounded with sharpers who proposed to play with me. I lost all my winnings in a few deals, and much more. I gave a note for the surplus, which I cannot take up."

"I," said the other, "had a commission in the army. I had given proofs of courage, and had merited promotion, in order to obtain which I contracted some debts. But a young nobleman, who had never been in action, having been advanced over my head, I gave in my resignation, without reflecting, until it was too late, that I had no other resource in the world. The number of my creditors has increased, and I have now no credit with any one. I know my inability to fulfil my engagements, and, determined to impose on no man, I am compelled to put an end to my existence."

"Gentlemen," replied the man who had given rise to this conversation, "I admire your principles, your resolution, and your firmness. If, however, I possessed the means of removing the ground of your despair, I should feel happy in making you renounce your noble project, but all that I have left will barely suffice to pay for a supper, if you will accept one; and at the last bottle we will immortalize ourselves!"—"Bravo!" exclaimed the others, "this is admirable."

The day was fixed, and an excellent supper was ordered; the table was covered with dainties, and there was plenty of the best wines. A strong dose of arsenic was put into one bottle, which was to be drunk at last. While these preparations were making, the two debtors repaired to a neighbouring house of ill-fame, where they met with another man, who had come thither to console himself, in the arms of venal beauty, for the rigour which he experienced from a lady to whom he paid his addresses. But this den of corruption only filled him with disgust and horror. He became gloomy and melancholy. When in this humour, *he* was addressed by the other two persons, who, after some conversation, informed him of their design. He seemed to relish it, and to be disposed to make a fourth in the party. In the state of mind in which he then was, the task of persuasion was easy; they blinded his judgment by their sophistry, and he accompanied them to the place.

The person who was to pay for the supper, expecting only two guests, was surprised at seeing a third. He enquired into the motives which had influenced the determination of his new colleague, and, being satisfied with them, they all sate down to table. The original proposer of the plan was in a very good humour, and made a long speech on the resolution which he had formed. "I have," said he, "seen so much of human life, that I suspect there is little more for me to see. Every thing tends to convince me that man is a very poor creature, and that he can only be happy by contributing to the happiness of others. One person may do this in one way, another in another, but I could only do it with my fortune; and I accordingly employed it for that purpose in the best manner I could. If any one proved to me, in a plausible way, that a certain sum would make him

happy, I gave it him. The consequence was that my fortune was soon spent; and I am now ruined and wholly unable to render a service to any man. It would be possible, indeed, to subsist by my labour; but I should infallibly sink under such a mode of life: and besides I cannot believe that any man ought to exist for himself alone."

The last of our heroes here interrupted the philosopher—"that is the very point on which I must contradict you. If man did not exist for himself, as you suppose, and you have proved, by your life, that such is your opinion, I certainly ought to continue to live. But I, who am of a different opinion, and who have lived only for myself, finding no more pleasure in life, am resolved to quit it."

"Every man, my friend," replied the first, "has his own mode of thinking, on this subject, and acts accordingly. There can be no wish, then, to make proselytes. You will die in pursuance of your own system, and I in pursuance of mine." Much more conversation ensued on the fragility of life; many traits, ancient and modern, were cited in favour of suicide; and, during this discussion, the young candidate remained pensive. The bottle was freely circulated, and a thousand reasons were urged, each exceeding the other in absurdity. They took the last bottle but one, which they drank with firmness, to a happy meeting, and without betraying the smallest symptom of irresolution. At length they came to the last bottle. The philosopher took it, saying: "In this reposes the immortality which we shall soon enjoy. It is the precious panacea which makes the wretched forget their cares, and cures the rich man's pains. It reminds us that we are free; it is liberty to the slave, gold to the poor, tranquillity to the restless, and happiness to the miserable!"

He divided the bottle into four equal parts; then, taking his glass in his hand, said, "I die tranquil and contented. Heaven gave me wealth to distribute, and I distributed it as well as I could. I came into the world to live amongst men, and for them; not having the ability to be any longer of use to them, I take my leave. I am induced to adopt this measure from the despair into which I should be plunged, if any one of the unfortunate beings, whom I have been accustomed to relieve, were to come and implore that assistance which I am unable to afford him. I believe in the existence

of a future life, and I hope to pass from this world into another where I shall be able to do more good." After this exposition of his philosophy, he emptied his glass, to the very last drop.

The other two then took their glasses. "We have no occasion," said they, "for such profound reasoning. We expect to be visited to-morrow by the same number of creditors who besieged us this morning, and of whom we had considerable difficulty to rid ourselves. What reason can be assigned to prevent us from withdrawing ourselves from such persecution? *We believe in Predestination*, and it was our destiny that we should finish our days here." They both emptied their glasses without hesitation.

It now came to the turn of the fourth, who took his glass in his hand, held it up to the candle, then, putting it down on the table, said, "You have done me the honour, gentlemen, to admit me into your company, and I thank you for it. By your observations I have acquired a knowledge of death which I did not possess before. I was led to wish for it by some painful occurrences, and a deep melancholy consequent thereon. I now know the madness of such a wish. It was not death that I should have desired, but sufficient firmness to die. My wish is accomplished; you, gentlemen, have given me that sublime lesson. I shall not censure the motives which have engaged you to quit the world; on such a topic every man must judge for himself. But my situation is absolutely different from yours. I owe nothing to any man. I must, therefore, have some other reasons for taking this beverage, which you are pleased to call immortality, and which shines with such brilliancy in this glass. The sophisms of that gentleman had rather disconcerted me, and, in the state of my mind at that time, I yielded to his opinion; but reflection has come to my aid. I have a considerable fortune, and two profligate brothers, who wish for my death, that they might squander it in the most scandalous manner."

Here the poison beginning to operate, one of the debtors, with distorted features, begged him to finish his speech, because it would be too cruel for him to survive them, and suffer alone. "I have little more," added the other, "to say. I have never before seen a man in his last moments.

You have now afforded me the opportunity, and I confess to you, gentlemen, that the kind of death which you have chosen only fills me with horror. The very sight of you makes me shudder. It was only in a moment of madness, that I could give my approbation to your project, and consent to follow your example. If I am so fortunate as to open my eyes in time, do you be still so wise as not to accuse me of cowardice, and accept my excuses for having so inconsiderately consented to make a fourth. May the pleasing hopes which you have formed be realized. May you be happier in the next world than you have been in this!" He then rose to leave the room. "But," exclaimed the others, "did not you promise, upon your honour, to do as we did?" "True, gentlemen, but you should congratulate yourselves on my conversion. Applaud yourselves for that return to my senses which your dreadful example has occasioned." He cast a last look of pity upon them. They all endeavoured to follow him, but could not.

FRENCH SONNET

OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

We shall be obliged to any of our correspondents who will favour us with a translation of the following elegant and pathetic Sonnet.

O cher enfantelet, vrai pourtraict de ton pere,
Dors sur le sein que ta bouche a pressé!
Dors, petiot; cloz, amy, sur le sein de ta mère,
Tien doulx œillet par le somme oppressé!

Bel amy, cher petiot, que ta pupille tendre
Gouste ung sommeil qui plus n'est fait pour moy!
Je veille pour te veoir, te nourrir, te defendre—
Ainz qu'il m'est doulx ne veiller que pour toy!

Dors, mien enfantelet, mon soucy, mon idole!
Dors sur mon sein, le sein qui t'a porté!
Ne m'esjouit encor le son de ta parole,
Bien ton soubriz cent fois m'aye enchanté.

O cher enfantelet, vrai pourtraict de ton pere,
Dors sur le sein que ta bouche a pressé!
Dors, petiot; cloz, amy, sur le sein de ta mère,
Tien doulx œillet par le somme oppressé!

THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER.

[Continued from page 117.]

THE ADVENTURES OF A POST-CHAISE.

I COMMENCED the account of those adventures which occurred to me in my travels by an observation of that generally admired author Sterne, and I not only felt the force, but the truth of it as soon as I was seated in the chaise; for naturally diffident as appeared to me the character of Miss Middleton, she no longer treated me with the reserve of a stranger, but, after having expressed those sympathetic emotions which had been excited by the fate of the unfortunate waggoner, she enquired whether her father did not feel a degree of impatience to behold his future ward.—"For my part," said the amiable girl, "the nearer we approach, the greater is my impatience to embrace her, as I am persuaded I shall love her with the affection of a sister."

"Heaven grant she may prove worthy of our joint affection, my dear Louisa," replied Mr. Middleton, raising her alabaster hand to his lips; "but," continued he, "we ought not to talk of family affairs before this gentleman, who, as a *stranger*, cannot be interested by them."

"I stand corrected, Sir," rejoined Louisa; "yet I can hardly consider this gentleman as a *stranger*; for he seemed so completely to participate in our emotions when that dreadful accident happened, that I had actually forgotten we were but of a few hours acquaintance."

Scarcely could I restrain my tongue from imploring the ingenuous angel, not only to consider me as an *old acquaintance*, but a *tender* and *attached friend*; yet a dread of appearing presumptuous, induced me to say I flattered myself with the hope that my presence would be no restraint upon their conversation.

"Though the anecdotes of a private family may not be very interesting," said Mr. Middleton, "yet they may probably be as entertaining as politics, and therefore, Sir, with your permission, I will give you a sketch of the history of

my deputed charge." A bow and an entreaty were sufficient inducements to Mr. Middleton, and he commenced his narrative in the following words. "The cynics declare there is no such thing as real friendship; yet I feel myself authorized to contradict the assertion, for towards Colonel Mordant, from my boyish days, I have experienced the strongest attachment, and have the gratification of knowing it has been as tenderly returned. Eton was the spot which gave rise to this mutual attachment; it was ordained that Charles Mordant, who was my junior by three years, should be my *fag;* but inheriting a disposition which despised oppressive authority, I treated him with the affection I should have displayed towards a younger brother. This mode of conduct at once inspired a mixture of gratitude and affection in the susceptible bosom of my young friend; and never shall I forget the unfeigned sorrow which he testified upon my removal from Eton to Cambridge. Not to trespass upon your patience, Sir, by a recital of the many proofs I received of Mordant's attachment and friendship, at the expiration of four years, he was entered a Fellow Commoner of Trinity Hall, and as I took my degree a short time afterwards, I had the gratification of becoming his tutor.

"The affection which subsists between a father and a beloved son, I am inclined to think could not be exceeded by the mutual attachment which existed between my amiable pupil and myself. His friends were desirous that he should embrace the clerical order; but he preferred a *red coat* to a *black*. A pair of colours were presented to him by his godfather, the celebrated Marquis of Granby, and fired with the love of glory, (by the illustrious example of such a patron), in a very few years he obtained a company. Though *love* and *glory* is the soldier's toast, yet poor Mordant had reason to deplore the shafts of the blind god; for through his irresistible power he not only offended his father, but his valuable patron. Nature had in every respect been bountiful to Charles Mordant; for, to a person moulded in the most exact form of symmetry, was added not only a beautiful, but a manly face; yet this attractive exterior was surpassed by the purity and brilliance of his mind.

"To behold this phœnix without admiring him was impossible; and he doubtless might have married one of the

first peeresses of the realm, yet such, my dear Sir, proved his destiny, that he fell desperately in love with the daughter of a poor curate. In Eliza Montague were united all those attractive graces which could possibly adorn a human being; yet her mind was still more angelic than her person; in short, a more amiable and lovely creature never existed.

"Unalloyed happiness, however, seldom falls to the lot of an individual; and even this paragon of *female excellence* had her secret enemies, who represented her to the father of my friend as an *artful creature*, who had actually trepanned him into a *private marriage*. In vain did Mordant endeavour to counteract the baseness of these aspersions; for his father's inveterate hatred was not to be overcome, and from spiritedly defending the *purity* of his *wife's character*, a dreadful and irreconcileable quarrel ensued.

"My friend's regiment was soon afterwards ordered to the East Indies, and though he made the most dutiful overtures to his father, yet so violent was his resentment, that he refused seeing his son before he embarked. In the same ship which conveyed Mordant and his blooming wife to India, a new commander-in-chief had taken his passage, and this nobleman and his suite (whose name I shall not mention) engaged the most commódious part of the vessel. A sickness, which must be felt to form a just idea of, for several days confined the beautiful Eliza to her bed; but at length, by the persuasion of her fond husband, she suffered herself to be carried upon deck. Lord C—— no sooner beheld this assemblage of female attractions, than his depraved heart meditated their destruction, and he insisted upon Mordant's exchanging *births* with him, which you know is a sailor's term. Every delicate attention that could be paid during the voyage was practised, and as his lordship was many years older than Eliza's father, she received them with the same gratitude and innocence that she would have done the kindness of a parent.

"Upon arriving at their destined port, the same intimacy continued; and a fever incident to the climate having proved fatal to one of his lordship's aid-de-camps, Mordant was immediately appointed to fill the vacant post. Previous to this arrangement, Mrs. Mordant had thought his lordship's attentions rather *too pointed;* yet his professions of attach-

ment towards her husband checked her apprehensions, for she thought it impossible that he could ever meditate an injury against his bosom friend. She too soon received those positive proofs of this nobleman's depravity of disposition, to leave her in doubt of the motive by which all his pretended friendship was influenced; yet aware of her husband's impetuous temper and high sentiments of honour, she dared not unveil the character of this deceptious friend.

"Mordant's grateful heart was at length extremely wounded by the coldness of Eliza's conduct to Lord C——, and with an asperity of manner to which she had been wholly unaccustomed, he insisted upon her adopting a different style of treating his friend. Tears were the only reply which Eliza offered, which Mordant upon perceiving, severely condemned himself, and in the humblest manner implored his Eliza's pardon, at the same time entreated her to assign a reason for her decided aversion to his patron.

"Dreading the consequences that might arise from such a disclosure, the amiable Mrs. Mordant preferred lowering herself in her husband's esteem, to assigning the real cause of her aversion, and therefore assured him she could not give him any just reason for her dislike.

"A desire of distinguishing himself in the field of glory animated the bosom of Charles Mordant; and about eighteen months after his arrival in India, his wishes were realized; for during our war with Tippoo our officers had many opportunities of signalizing their bravery. A *fort* was to be *stormed;* Mordant solicited the command of the undertaking, but Lord C—— informed him it was his intention to take the active part of the duty upon himself; but on the night preceding this important engagement, Mordant was summoned to his commander's tent, who, with well feigned artifice, appeared to be labouring under the effect of excruciating pain. Repeatedly did he lament that disease should have disabled him from displaying that valour which glowed in his breast, and implored Mordant to prove himself worthy of the confidence he reposed in him, and either *subdue* the *enemies* of his country, or *die* in the *attempt*.

"I need not trespass upon your time, Sir, by repeating the assurances which Mordant gave his commander; for, if you have read the account of our war in India, you will re-

collect that the undertaking was crowned with honour and success. That the pretended indisposition Lord C—— laboured under would soon vanish, you in all probability are prepared to hear; for in two days afterwards he called upon Mrs. Mordant, who, instead of congratulating him upon his sudden recovery, *hinted* that his indisposition had been feigned, to avoid a post of so much danger. Piqued by a remark so degrading to his honour, Lord C—— instantly determined to gratify his brutal appetite; and from the powerful influence of bribery, found little difficulty in privately obtaining admission into the house, after the family had retired to rest.

"The attached wife of the gallant Mordant, finding herself unable to repose, desired her attendant to fetch her writing-desk into the room, and, after imploring Heaven to protect the object of her affection, seated herself, and began a letter to her father. Her imagination, during this filial employment, had several times suggested that a something moved in the room; but conceive, if possible, what must have been her sensations at hearing a man cough under her bed. By an instinctive impulse she suddenly snatched up a pen-knife, and at the same moment attempted to reach the bell; but her arm was rudely seized by the vile defiler of common decency, who forcibly endeavoured to drag her towards the bed, terrifying her at the same time by the appalling assurance that all *resistance* would be vain, and imploring her not to compel him to use violence, but offering her a settlement of two thousand a year, if she would voluntarily yield. What her replies were to this insulting proposition we may imagine, from the melancholy catastrophe which ensued; for upon finding persuasion and remonstrance could not shield her from pollution, she buried the *knife*, which she had *concealed*, in her *spotless heart!*

"Appalled by the sight of the crimson current, or struck by Omnipotence with terror and remorse, Lord C—— instantly rouzed the domestics, pretending he had perceived a sable depredator enter the house, and had quickly followed him, though not in time to prevent his attempt to deprive their mistress of life.

As Eliza did not contradict this artful fabrication, it was credited by all the servants, except her *own Abigal*, who was

too well aware of the motive which induced his lordship to enter her master's house. Servants were dispatched in every direction to arrest the footsteps of the depredator, and others sent for a surgeon, who arrived within the space of half an hour. During that period the current of life continued flowing, and the amiable Eliza, finding death fast approach, as soon as the wound was bound up, called for pen, ink, and paper, for the purpose of making a last request to the beloved of her heart.

"Never would poor Mordant part with this dear and valued relick, but a copy of it he sent to me." As Mr. Middleton said this, he drew a piece of paper from his pocket, which, from the discoloured appearance of the ink, had been written many years, and giving it to his daughter, desired her to read it to me.

'It is the will of Heaven, my beloved husband, that we never should again have the happiness of meeting in this world; yet, in a *future* one, I trust, we shall be *reunited*, never, never to part again! I am faint, languid, and exhausted! May the Almighty pardon an involuntary crime! Yet could I, my beloved Charles, support the idea of *losing* that *virtue* which was the only *treasure* you *possessed* in your wife? Yet with my last breath I implore you to let Heaven punish the wretch who would have tarnished my honour, and ruined my peace of mind. I was in his power, my beloved husband; even my servants had been corrupted, and what resource had I but to seize the fatal knife? Fatal did I say? Let me recall the expression; it was the instrumental preservation of *my honour* and *your peace;* for would you not have despised your Eliza, contaminated by an illicit embrace?

'My head turns round! my heart palpitates! Oh! could I have the supreme happiness of knowing you would close my eyes! Yet at this moment I may be a *widow*!—there is madness in the idea! for who, in that case, would foster and protect our darling child? To the care of a beneficent Providence I will intrust her; but if Heaven in mercy spares your valued life, impress upon her ductile mind *religious* principles, and never, oh never! suffer her to quit your parental roof. Teach her, my adored husband, to love the memory of her ill-fated mother; but carefully preserve the

secret cause of that mother's death, lest *suicide* should appear in her eyes a virtue, rather than a *crime* of the *deepest die*. Yet that gracious Power, who knows the dreadful state I was reduced to, will, I trust, pardon an *unintentional*——'

"Here, Sir, this affecting epistle closes," said Louisa, wiping the tear of sympathy from her beauteous eyes. "Yes," rejoined Mr. Middleton, "the hand of death prevented the unfortunate victim of an illicit passion, from concluding her affecting letter. It seemed, however, as if the judgment of Heaven pursued the intended destroyer of innocence; for, upon quitting the unfortunate Eliza's house, the horse on which he rode became restive, and threw him with violence against the pillar of a gentleman's house, by which accident his skull was fractured, and he only survived a few hours.

"If an accident of so serious a nature can deserve the term of *fortunate*, it doubtless is applicable in this case; for had the indirect destroyer of Eliza's life remained in existence, the vengeance of Mordant would have pursued him to the furthermost part of the globe. Providence, however, in mercy, ordained it otherwise. But how shall I find language to paint the feelings of my unfortunate friend, upon returning to his home, crowned with honours, the reward of valour, to find that the object whose praise was more gratifying than the applause of multitudes, was numbered with the silent dead.

"The double duty he had to perform, at length roused him to exertion; but sacredly did he resolve to fulfil the wishes of his lost Eliza; and though the duty of his profession compelled him frequently to remove from his station, he was always accompanied by the pledge of their mutual love. The same packet which brought me a copy of the expiring Eliza's letter, inclosed one from her widowed husband, imploring me to procure a governess for his little girl; and I was fortunate enough to be introduced to a lady perfectly calculated for the important office. Under this lady's care Eliza Mordant has now been thirteen years; and from the letters of her recently deceased father, I have every reason to believe she has most faithfully fulfilled the trust reposed. My friend had not only risen to the rank of colonel, but had amassed a fortune sufficient to enable him to live in a

luxurious style, and had arranged all his plans to quit India, when he was seized with a liver complaint, which baffled the skill of his physicians, and terminated his valuable life.

"Fully aware of his situation, to my care and protection he intrusted his beloved child, who, with her respected governess, arrived in the last fleet, and we are now going to welcome them to Albion's hospitable shores." As Mr. Middleton closed his interesting narrative, the postilion, with a crack of his whip, whirled the carriage into the gates of the George, and at the same moment my ears were shocked by a most affecting shriek, and "My *child* is *killed!*" was vociferated by a young woman, who was almost crushed to the wall by the rapid movement of the chaise.

"In mercy stop!" exclaimed the terrified Louisa, throwing her person nearly out of the carriage. The mischief, however, was done; and one of the hostlers drew a boy of about three years old from under the wheels. Though our feelings had already received a severe shock, yet it was trifling in comparison to what we suffered at beholding the violence of the mother of this child's grief; for her shrieks were so violent, that for several days they seemed to reverberate upon my ears.

Fortunately a medical gentleman lived within a few doors of the George, and upon examining the child, (who actually appeared *lifeless*), he declared that no bones were broke, and that the insensibility under which he laboured would be removed by the loss of a little blood. The frantic mother, however, paid little attention to this assertion; but in the most piteous accents continued bewailing the loss of her child, who, to the delight of all present, in a few minutes opened his eyes.

(To be continued.)

FILIAL PIETY.

[Continued from page 184.]

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Morning.

The Cadi's-House.

The Vizier and Cadi discoursing.

Viz.—You will do your duty, Sir, without partiality. The offence is heinous; to attempt the life of our beloved sovereign, the most horrid torture is too imperfect a punishment for such a crime. Should the wretch be found, which I trust he will, the ring which was in the purse will convict him.

Cadi.—My people have orders to search every dwelling, from the highest to the lowest.—*(Loud shouts without)* But what do I hear? They have already found the wretch.

Enter *Guards* with *Achmet*.

Viz.—Oh, ho! my old acquaintance, the proud spirited Achmet. I guessed his pride would have a fall; this is, indeed, sweet revenge. *(Aside.)*

Cadi, (seating himself.)—Well, my friends, what proofs have you of this man's guilt?

1*st Guard.*—This ring, my lord, it is the Sultan's royal signet. The fellow cannot give a good account of how he came by it.

Cadi.—Well, well, I will try to make him speak by my authority. Young man, I cite you to answer truly the questions I propose. Who are you?

Achmet (proudly).—Achmet.

Cadi.—What are you?

Achmet.—An honest man.

Cadi.—Be less insolent. How came you by that ring?

Achmet.—It was left in my apartment by a stranger.

Cadi.—That is a subterfuge. What business had a stranger in your apartment?

Achmet.—I had the good fortune to save his life. He left his purse in the intention of rewarding me, in which your people found that ring; till now I had not seen it.

Viz.—A pretty fabrication this; but it will not avail. He is doubtless an accomplice.

Cadi.—No doubt, no doubt. Away with him to prison, till we know the Sultan's pleasure.

Viz.—I will inform his Highness of the result of this investigation.

Achmet.—Am I then condemned! Oh, unhappy night! Yet why do I despair? Heaven will look with pity on my sufferings, and not let an act of humanity prove my destruction. My mother! my poor mother!—My adored Amina! never shall I behold you more!

Cadi.—Take him away.—*(Exit with Vizier.)*

[*Guards bind Achmet, and lead him off.*

SCENE II.—*Selima's Apartment.*

Selima and Amina.

Selima.—Amina, my heart will break! Never could Achmet be guilty of such a base action.

Amina.—I think not; but we must not place too much confidence in man. I have been to his mother; she protests his innocence, and is almost distracted.

Selima.—Unhappy woman! I can guess her feelings by my own. Yet I am to blame. Perhaps he cares not for me; my own weakness has blinded me to his faults, and I may be credulous enough to have fixed my affections on the most worthless of his sex. Would I could be satisfied.

Amina.—If my princess would permit me, I could make the experiment.

Selima.—How, my dear Amina?

Amina.—With all the ease imaginable. Allow me once more to play the princess, and trust to my ingenuity to satisfy all your scruples. But my machinations must be a secret till the event is ascertained.

Selima.—Do as you will, dear Amina. I will procure the Sultan's signet for you to secure your admission to his prison.

Amina.—Enough, leave the rest to me.

[*Exeunt severally.*

(To be concluded in our next.)

FORDYCE THE BANKER.

WITH the foibles generally attendant upon an aspiring man, Fordyce had generous qualities. A young intelligent merchant, who kept cash at his banking-house, one morning making a small lodgment, he happened to say in the shop, "that if he could command some thousands at present, there was a certain speculation to be pursued, which, in all probability, would turn out fortunate." This was said loosely, without Fordyce's making any answer, or seeming to attend to it, and no more passed at the time.

A few months afterwards, when the same merchant was what they call *settling his book* with the house, he was very much surprised to see the sum of five hundred pounds placed to his credit side more than he knew he possessed. Thinking it a mistake, he pointed it out to the clerk, who, seeing the entry in Mr. Fordyce's hand-writing, said he must have paid it to him.

The merchant, however, knowing he had not, begged to see Mr. Fordyce, who appeared, and told him, "it was all right enough; for that as the hint he had a few months before thrown out in the shop gained him above five thousand pounds, he thought him fairly entitled to the *tithe* of that sum."

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—A gipsy hat, trimmed with a wreath of flowers; blue sarsnet tippet, edged round with swansdown; cambric dress, embroidered round the bottom; buff gloves.

Fig. 2.—A turban cap, lined with pink, ornamented with roses in front: dress of fine brown muslin, with white sattin sleeves; white kid shoes.

MORNING DRESS. FULL DRESS.

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Oct.r 1.1807.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

PART II.

EDWARD AND AMANDA.

(Continued from page 140.)

TOSS'D on the waves, that night for Edward's fate,
No vain alarms, Amanda, brake thy sleep;
Fierce rag'd the blast—on drove his shatter'd bark,
And more than midnight darkness veil'd the deep.

But now, to Nature's sovereign pow'r consign'd,
Thy anxious bosom gently sunk to rest;
Yet still of storms, and wrecks, and dire distress,
The fleeting images crowd on thy breast.

'Twas now, when all in sacred silence lay,
The tempest still, and slumber'd every breeze;
What time, as poets tell, in dubious night,
When elves descend to dance their airy maze,

More beauteous now than ere he seem'd before,
More graceful far, and rob'd in heavenly light,
Lovely, yet sad, appear'd thy Edward's form,
Then soft approach'd, and stood before thy sight.

And, smiling, sweet he spake, "Amanda, see,
(And fix'd on thine did beam his eye with love),
"Thine Edward see! permitted thus, he comes
"To bless thee, dear Amanda, from above.

"Think not unknown to me thy fervent pray'r,
"While yet amid the waves I late was toss'd;
"Oh! think it less that thou couldst pray for me,
"And thy remembrance from my heart be lost.

" No, dear Amanda, thou wast not forgot,
" No, not of life when ev'ry hope was past;
" With latest breath these lips profess'd my love,
" And, ' farewell, dear Amanda!' was the last."

" And think not yet that love with life extinct,
" O'ercome by death, in vanquish'd ruin lies;
" More ardent still, and free from every pain,
" Love lives beyond the grave and never dies.

" Oh! not in grief then let thine heart repine,
" For that in early fate thy Edward's laid;
" His griefs, which ne'er thro' life had solace found,
" Are now in endless peace and bliss repaid.

" What joy on earth I thought had fill'd my heart,
" Could I have made thy daily pleasures mine;
" So once in Love's delusive dreams I hop'd
" To taste that bliss, and mix my joys with thine.

" But tho' on earth denied, tho' life forbade,
" That sweet, that yet but transient bliss below;
" O! be assur'd, those joys are sweeter still,
" Such height'ned joys as angels only know.

" For not by heavenly pow'r to these has been
" With kindred souls communion sweet forbade;
" And oft on earth, while deepest silence reigns,
" These on congenial minds their influence shed.

" O dear Amanda, though no longer seen,
" Think not thy Edward quits thee as his care;
" Thy guardian still, from heav'n he'll descend,
" Henceforth to guide thy steps to meet him there."

Her middle course far now the night had pass'd,
The twilight op'ning spoke the approaching day;
The bright'ning east Aurora's sign display'd,
And fading stars forbade his longer stay.

" Adieu! adieu!"—Thus said, with loveliest look,
Back on Amanda cast his parting eyes;
Then swift in momentary space he fled,
And mix'd with kindred spirits in the skies.

" O! yet awhile!"—just then Amanda cried,
(Such solace sweet did now his presence seem);
" O Edward! yet—" but quick the vision fled—
Amanda woke—and lo! it was a dream.

Dorking, August 4th. J. W.

STANZAS.

UNFADING honours 'tend the brave,
Untarnish'd trophies deck their tomb;
Green grow the laurels o'er their grave,
And thornless roses round it bloom.

Fair friendship's feet frequent the sod,
There weeping willows lend a shade;
The sacred spot be lightly trod,
Be there the tearfull tribute paid.

Stern war himself shall shed a tear,
A nation weep a hero dead;
Fame too a lasting structure rear,
To mark the spot where valour's laid.

Kingsland. JAMES.

STANZAS,

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MISS S——B, OF B——H.

THE peaceful eve with smile serene,
Her twilight mantle spread;
And Cynthia o'er the dewy green
A silv'ry lustre shed.

The feather'd songsters pleasing strain,
Amidst the leafy trees,
No longer charm'd the pensive swain,
Or echo'd on the breeze.

All, all were hush'd in ev'ry grove,
That borders S——'s vale,
Save Philomel, who tun'd her love,
And told her ev'ning tale.

On echo's ear her plaintive strains,
In mournful accents play'd;
And, sweetly in the distant plains,
The warbling notes decay'd.

And canst thou leave the giddy throng,
  And pace the church-yard drear,
To listen to her ev'ning song,
  Soft swelling on the ear?

Sweet bird of night! for her extend
  Each falling eve thy throat;
And oh! ye whisp'ring gales befriend
  The melancholy note!

How happy is the swain who treads,
  As gentle ev'ning bends,
With thee the C——'s sable shades,
  And all thy steps attends.

The loves that round thy features play,
  Bid, as their charms beguile,
To him those coral lips convey,
  A heav'n in their smile.

Oh could *I* stray, the wish how vain,
  With thee the groves among,
And fondly listen to the strain,
  That warbl'd from thy tongue,

At once, for ever, I'd resign,
  Each busy scene of care,
To lisp the praise so justly thine,
  Thou *fairest* of the *fair*.

SALISBURIENSIS.

TO HYMEN.

THOU Power! to whom myriads unthinkingly bend,
  With eagerness courting thy chains;
To another poor votary's wishes attend,
  Who yet free from thy bondage remains.

Yet think not, tho' suppliant I bow at thy shrine,
  I am anxious thy trammels to wear;
Or that pleas'd, to thy power I'd my freedom resign,
  Thy much envied favours to share.

Ah, no! yet if doom'd ere thy captive to be,
  O grant me the boon which I crave;
And if ere from thy fetters I wish to be free,
  May thou bind me still faster a slave.

Let the man in whose fate I am destin'd to share,
My reason unbiass'd approve;
And his worth unimpell'd by each sordid idea,
Be the strongest incentive to love.

In his converse refinement and sense be combin'd,
Which instruction and pleasure convey;
And the bright rays of learning enlighten his mind,
Where no vulgar errors long sway.

May he either be chearful, or merry, or grave,
As life's varying scenes still require;
For seasons those humours alternately crave,
And each in their turns I admire.

May the gems of philanthropy glow in his breast,
As he views the poor victims of care;
For sympathy oft can of anguish divest
The bosom that throbs with despair.

If a mortal like this should e'er rise in my path,
(At thy influence no longer I'll rail);
Whose partial regard can indulgently cast
O'er my failings, tho' numerous, a veil:

Who can see with benevolent, liberal eyes
My faults, and with kindness reprove;
And those glaring defects, which his wisdom espys,
Assiduously strive to remove.

Oh then, mighty Hymen, with rapturous glee,
To thy altar I'll gladly repair;
When this ardently sought *rara avis* I see,
And thy manacles cheerfully wear.

But if I this prodigy ne'er should espy,
Then still may I single remain;
And that odious term, which our sex so decry,
Old maid, be attach'd to my name.

LOUISA.

EPITAPH.

STAY, lonely wand'rer, and with pity mourn,
O'er gentle Bertha's grassy mound;
No earthly trophies deck her sacred urn,
In Death's cold arms she sleeps profound.

Alas! poor Bertha! now thy days are past,
Snatched in thy prime!—by Death's dark torrent driv'n;
Once blooming virgin! thou hast chang'd at last
This mortal state for lasting joys in Heaven.

FERNANDO.

CHARADES.

I.

MY *first* is what you always do,
When in the fields you walk;
My *second* well applies to *you*,
Who can do what you talk:
And if the first you well can do,
My *whole* is well apply'd to you.

II.

My *first* is useful to the fair,
About their forms is daily seen;
My *second's* frequent used in pray'r,
Which is a custom neat and clean:
My *whole* few females are without,
Ladies, you'll quickly find it out.

Kingsland. JAMES.

SOLUTION

OF THE CHARADES WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

I.

THE sailor, when an enemy is nigh,
Is only fearful that his foe should fly;
Nor wishes e'en for *port*, till, battle o'er,
In triumph he can seek his native shore.

Yet, when long absent from his honour'd home,
Doom'd o'er the wide spread watery world to roam,
Gladly he gazes on appearing *land*,
And quickly hopes to gain the sea-wash'd strand:
Alas! 'tis his ofttimes, when Britain's Isle
Appears to welcome him with cheering smile,
When her fair hills, and corn-embosom'd vales,
Are gaz'd on as he furls the flutt'ring sails,
E'en then, though home and all its joys are nigh,
The fiends of storm perchance abroad may fly,
May hurl the vessel into ocean's womb,
And give the trembling tar a liquid tomb!
Such was their fate, who, now some years gone by,
Were bound to India's realm, where warm gales fly;
When, ere the Haswell, fatal vessel! bore
Its precious charge beyond the British shore,
Near *Portland* sailing, night and horror near,
Increasing gales fill'd ev'ry soul with fear
The tempest-fiend bestrode the foaming waves,
Follow'd by all the winds, his humble slaves;
Sudden a crash was heard—alas! the shock
Was giv'n tremendous by a hidden rock!
Now shrieks of terror sound from ev'ry side,
And death-screams echo o'er the savage tide!
Soon the torn vessel, to the waves a prey,
Is piecemeal borne upon the foaming spray;
While almost ev'ry soul the Halswell bore,
Sunk in death's sleep, to wake below no more!
Whilst round the evil spirits of the air
Flapp'd their dark wings, and fed on man's despair.
There perish'd loveliness and beauty's form,
An awful sacrifice to Nature's storm;
There perish'd manliness and honour true,
The constant union in a British crew:
Deep in the gloomy abyss of the wave,
They found, in Neptune's arms, a cheerless grave.*

J. M. L.

Note.—On the tremendous coast of Dorsetshire, about two o'clock on the morning of January 6th, 1786, the Haswell East Indiaman was dashed to pieces by an awful storm, when Captain Pierce and two lovely daughters, with many other passengers, perished; and of 250 persons who were on board, no more than 74 were snatched from the devouring waves.

II.

WHEN mild morn her radiance raises,
On swift pinions borne along,
'Tis the *lark*, in purest praises,
Pours her tributary song.

When the horse with heavy toil,
Droops amid the cheerful chace,
Tir'd with speeding many a mile,
'Tis the *spur* renews his race.

When within the garden straying,
Mid the flow'ry tribes of spring,
Round the *larkspur* lightly playing,
See the bee on wand'ring wing.

J. M. L.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Clarinda's favours are received, and will be inserted the first opportunity.

To our facetious as well as ingenious correspondent, Jeronymous, we must apologize for not inserting in our Museum his little piece, entitled, the "Lady's Remembrancer." We assure him the delay is merely owing to the many obligations previously received; however, it shall not be overlooked.

"Tictac" is too scurrilous: we are led to suppose, by his dating from Clerkenwell, and his sentiments being so completely *wound up*, and always on the *go*, that he is by profession a watch-maker. We must, however, allow, he keeps *time* well, and is a good *repeater*; but by his production he appears desirous of *going on tick*. All that we can say is, he has at present hit on the wrong *key*, whatever other *springs* of abuse he may have.

"M. L." "Julia," and "F. S. D." are received, and shall appear in due time.

"Clericus's" lines on a Pastry Cook are not adapted to this work. We think them too *tart*, and do not perceive the *cream* of the jest.

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Lady Charlotte
Finch